

The Dead South - Crowdaddy Served Cold

tom:
[Primeira Parte]
We did the grind for many years
Too many some might say
It's easy to get lost with the taste of money on the brain
We did it so good, so good so fast
We forget some years ago
We were toddlers in the grass

[Pré-Refrão]

Life ain't easy being on the road
It's grab and go food and drinks
That ain't good for the soul
Well it's long nights and coffee cups
Restless sleep for weeks
And trying not to mess up

[Refrão]

Well we played our hand
But we killed our fellow man
We traded his mind for a wondrous time
Oh well, what does it mean when you
Let a brother down
Can this be fixed somehow?

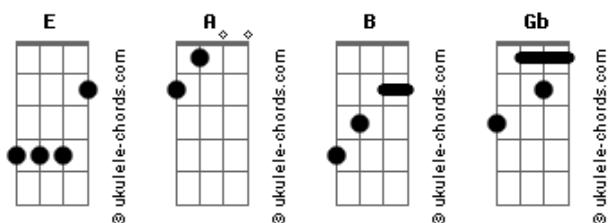
[Segunda Parte]

Well the tires flat, the engine leaks
Suspensions busted and the belt is weak
We always seem to make it home
But each time we leave again
You can see the sadness in the man
How did we miss this for so long

[Pré-Refrão]

Life ain't easy being on the road

Acordes



It's a van full of filthy trash
And a bag of stinky clothes
Long drives and cigarettes
Sweaty suits for weeks
And trying to play our best
[Refrão]

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(E A B E)

[Final]

If you just needed
Someone to call you friend
I should have seen it right from the start
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I should have seen it right from the start